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WALKABOUT

AUSTRALIA AND THE SOUTH SEAS

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BATHURST ISLAND NATIVES PRACTISING A CORROBOREE DANCE.

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WALKABOUT

The title has an "age-old" background and signifies a vested characteristic of the Australian aboriginal who is always on the move. And so, month by month, through the medium of pen and picture, this journal will take you on a great "walkabout" through a new and fascinating world below the Equator.

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Life at Bathurst Island Mission

By ARTHUR BARCLAY

000 "I DON'T want to intimidate you," said the pilot; "but this thing is a life-belt. You put it on like a waistcoat, and then you either pull that tap-thing out, or you turn it to one side to inflate the belt. I don't remember which it is; but, anyhow, you'll soon find out!"

With these encouraging remarks, he stowed the neatly-folded life-belt in a position where it was easy to reach, and busied himself with adjusting the wide strap that was to hold me in the front seat of the little red 'plane in which we were starting out for Bathurst Island. There are sixty miles of shark-infested waters between the mainland and the island, and fierce tidal currents to carry off a swimmer; but I had flown before, and I was not nervous. That life-belt was only an extra precaution on the part of a careful pilot, whom I had seen going thoroughly over his machine before he would start out across the sea.

The mechanic knocked away the chocks from the wheels, the whirring propeller increased its pace, the engine roared, and we taxied out from the hangar across Darwin aerodrome. In a moment or two, Fanny Bay gaol was beneath us, with black prisoners staring upwards as we flew low across the prison-yard, and on and out over the smooth blue waters of the great harbour. But the pilot had no intention of flying direct to the island. We swept round in a great curve and flew eastwards across the tree-tops of the jungle. Sandy beaches, mangrove-bordered creeks—the haunt of "big feller" crocodile—and mangrove swamps, waste lands where salt-arms twisted among low green growths, shallow, curving bay and low, projecting headland, we passed over in turn; and then, when we came to the wide estuary of the Adelaide River, whose shining course wound inland, on and on, into the misty distance, we turned north again, and headed for the Vernons.

The Vernons are mere dark patches of mangroves and only just above sea-level. Sometimes there may be a wide, bare, pale-brown, sandy patch in the centre, and always there are many winding creeks through the mangroves.

When the tide is low, long, dark, log-like objects, pointed at each end, and seen stretched on the dry margins of these tidal watercourses, are great salt-water crocodiles, much larger and more ferocious than the fresh-water variety so common in North Australian rivers. Nothing alive can look so dead as a

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BATHURST ISLAND ABORIGINAL MOTHER AND CHILD.

crocodile, nothing that breathes so utterly immobile; but there are few beasts that can spring more quickly into deadly activity when the occasion warrants a display of strength and agility.

The Vernons do not appear to be the sort of emergency landing-ground that one would choose if it could possibly be avoided. Apart from the crocodiles, the terrain does not promise too safe a landing.

Sea and sky alike were palest blue, and, in the farthest distance, the vast and faintly-wrinkled expanse of ocean mingled softly with the sky in a pearly sea-haze. One could not say where the one began and the other ended, and, partly obscured in the haze, far-distant luggers, with all sail set, headed for Darwin. Beneath the 'plane, rounded boiling swirls, long straight lines of white foam, and darker turbulent streaks in the pale-blue surface of the sea clearly defined the spring-tide currents. Down beneath us, too, shoals and deeps showed emerald or blue, and the long, pale-brown lines of reef that run

out from East Point, and from the nearest island of the Vernon group, were also clearly visible as we passed over them. Straight ahead, Melville and Bathurst Islands now showed up, the hills a darker blue, and every moment they became more and more distinctly visible.

We turned west again as we reached the shores of Melville Island. Below, and near at hand, in turn were sandy beaches, cliffs that come straight down to the water's edge, or low mangrove-flats through which wind serpentine inlets of salt water. Inland, low green hills are covered with open tropical forest, denser on the lower slopes and thinning towards the arid, stony summits. Fan-palms grew among the tropical eucalypts, and the familiar pandanus palm borders open grassy flats just as it does on the mainland across the narrow seas. Buffalo, now so much reduced in numbers that nobody shoots them, feed on the flats, and in the forest-covered hills are many kangaroos and wallabies. Little bays, and now and then projecting lines of reef, make natural boat-harbours, and far away across the tree-tops a wide expanse of shining water seems to be a great lake surrounded by wooded hills—it is actually an arm of the sea on the eastern side of Cape Van Diemen.

The funnel-shaped entrance to Apsley Strait, the mile-wide, fifty-mile-long stretch of fast-flowing waterway that separates the two islands, soon appeared beneath us. Looking towards the north, on the eastern side of this narrow silvery passage, one sees the wooded hills, the dense patches of vivid green jungle, and the open swampy plains of Melville Island. To the west, on the Bathurst Island side of the entrance, dense plantations of coco-nut palms occupy the foreground. There are cleared fields with a wall of forest beside them, white roofs among the palms, and beyond again are thickly-timbered heights.

DENSE mangroves, of a deeper green than that of forest or jungle foliage, give contrast at the water's edge on either side of the narrow strait, which, a silver streak in the blue distance, leads on to the sea, faintly visible far beyond at the height at which we were flying. The tide runs through this strait like a mill-race; but at the moment it was dead-water, and, with sail set, a large dug-out canoe was making across from Melville to Bathurst Island. As the 'plane banked round preparatory to landing, I saw, beyond the canoe and across the strait, the iron roof of the only European dwelling on Melville Island.

It was formerly the permanent camp of Joe Cooper, a famous buffalo-hunter; but, now, since Cooper's death, even this solitary outpost has long been deserted. It is more than a century since the old military settlement of Fort Dundas, at the northern end of Apsley Strait, was abandoned. Nothing of the fort now remains except a few heaps of stone, and, buried in thick scrub, the grass-grown brickwork that faced the surrounding deep trench. The area of Melville Island is 2,240 square miles. Bathurst Island is only half as large. Although Melville Island may, some day, come within the scope of North Australian settlement schemes, the major part of Bathurst Island is vested in perpetuity in the authorities of the Mission of the Sacred Heart, and the latter island will remain, fortunately almost entirely in its virgin state, a sanctuary alike for man and beast.

We taxied to a standstill on the well-kept landing-ground of the Sacred Heart Mission in the presence of many spectators. Notified of the time of our arrival by means of the wireless

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797 telephone, with which they keep in touch with the Presbytery in Darwin, not only were the good fathers there to greet us, but the children of the mission school had also been given a holiday to celebrate the occasion. Small boys and half-grown lads were there in force and soon crowded round the 'plane. The bearded men against the fence kept in the background, while women and girls peered over the stile that leads into the garden. Men and [291] boys wore only the little naga, women and girls a short sarong —and they are all the better for this lack of clothing.

KINDLY and shrewd old Father Gsell, who founded the mission rather more than a quarter of a century ago, has his own ideas with regard to the black man. He does not ruin his health by dressing him (or her) up in mission clothing, and he sees that the blacks who come into the mission do not become mere spongers and hangers-on. When a black asks for flour or anything else that he requires, Father Gsell replies, "What have you to give for it?" He may have a spear, for which the good father has no use, but he will take it, or anything that the black can offer in payment. If the black's reply is "Nothing," Father Gsell will say "Well, you are a big, strong man; you can dig the garden."

It does not matter that the garden has been dug before. The thing is to keep the blacks from becoming cadgers. Treated so, they retain their self-respect and do not degenerate into useless loafers hanging round the mission station, just for what they can get without any effort. The mission fathers, of course, do all they can for the sick and injured—that is an entirely different matter. Every missionary who has been long on any field in North Australia must recognise that it is impossible to do anything with a full-grown black to alter his outlook in any way, and the methods of the Sacred Heart Mission must appeal to all unbigoted members of any church as admirable commonsense.

It is only with the very young that the missionaries can hope for any success in the inculcating of Christian ideals, and it is towards the little boys and girls that the good fathers look for 797 the reward of their self-sacrificing labours. They are able to get them, too, without pandering to the laziness of their parents. 562 The natives, who are always fond of children, are quite willing 567 to have their little boys well fed and well looked after; but, 439 when it comes to the girls, self-interest enters into the question. Little girls can be sold to the Japanese of the pearling fleets, [855] and the Japanese are liberal in the matter of prices.

FATHER Gsell must therefore buy the girls in competition with the Japanese. It has been said that this is countenancing a shameful and revolting slave-trade, and that to buy the girls is definitely wrong in principle. What would the worthy critics do? Are they content to see this dreadful traffic continued, or have they any practical alternative to offer? Father Gsell is trying at least to save as many girls as possible from the horrible fate in store for them. The regular patrol of North Australian waters by the forces of the Government may eventually put an end to the practice, but what of all these little girls in the meantime? As they grow up, the Christian boys and girls marry one another, and, as the Christians have one wife only, they are unwilling to sell or to hire her out to the Japanese. This, like all the dealings of the Sacred Heart Mission with the islanders, is based on practical common sense.

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1797 582 342 The couples marry young without any thought for the future. They just marry as, and when, they feel inclined, and the mission fathers provide the new home. Under the palms beside the Strait are many of the queer little iron humpies provided, just a roof, as it were, sloping on each side from the ridge-pole to the ground. The whole can be picked up and moved to a fresh position when fleas become too numerous and the surroundings otherwise unpleasant. These humpies scarcely seem attractive to white folk, but the islanders like them, and they are at least a great improvement on the dog-kennels of old iron that the blacks persist in erecting for themselves on the beach at Darwin.

797 342 Proper houses are provided in the Kahlin compound there, but the blacks despise them; and, although the miserable humpies on the beach are demolished from time to time by the authorities, they are all up again by next evening. The good fathers know what the islanders prefer, and they have given the married couples the kind of accommodation in which they feel most happy. The humpies may be hot and stuffy, but they are dry inside when it rains.

142 144 The island blacks, in many respects, differ considerably from the tribes of the mainland. They are excessively hirsute, and, on attaining maturity, the men grow long beards, many being of truly patriarchal proportions. The upper lip is kept bare, which practice seems to emphasize the magnificence of the beard. Shocks of hair, sometimes standing six inches high, add to a wildly impressive appearance. They are tall and muscular, and, as they stride along, they seem the very acme of physical development, a living advertisement for the natural, open-air existence.

302 The hairs, by the way, are plucked from the upper lip one by one, and this painful proceeding is undertaken in the calmest manner, certainly with less fuss and facial distortion than the average white man makes during his morning shave.

171 411 The use of the woomera for throwing spears, and of the

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171 [411] boomerang, is unknown to the islanders. Ceremonial customs, language, origin, and burial rites all differ from those of the mainland tribes, and constitute an interesting study for anthropologists. They are the only aborigines who erect memorials on the graves of the departed, and, in the forest beside the aerodrome, you may see a typical grave surrounded with queerly-764 [322 532] carved ironwood totem-poles. The poles, some eight feet in height, are carved in varying patterns. They had been painted in highly decorative designs with red, yellow, and white ochre, with black bands of charcoal to give sharp and artistic contrast. Each kindred totem to that of the deceased must place a pole at the grave. Failure to erect a pole is supposed to signify that no sorrow is felt for the death, and punishment will follow. Something unpleasant always *does* happen to those who neglect this duty.

797 [245] [262] AFTER these necessary digressions, let us return to my visit to the mission station. We followed the fathers over the stile, up an avenue of palms, and on through the garden, where pineapples and bananas grow, and there are rows of immense and beautifully shady mango-trees. Sturdy, fuzzy-headed aborigines strode in front (one of them had just come in with a couple of kangaroos for the larder), and the boys trooped along behind us. The quarters of the fathers are very much those of bachelors, perfectly bare, with guns in the corners and a few native weapons and curios hanging on the walls.

Here two lubras brought us morning tea, and here I learnt much of the foregoing matters. The fathers themselves are entertaining men of the world, and their white cricket shirts and khaki slacks gave no indication of their calling. The boys gathered at the foot of the steps leading up to the quarters, 797 and every now and then black-bearded Father McGrath would 522 banter them in their own language. Like all the native peoples

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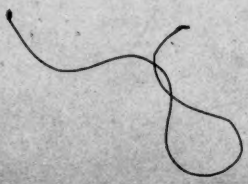

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"SIXTY MILES OF SHARK-INFESTED WATERS LIE BETWEEN BATHURST ISLAND AND THE MAINLAND."

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of North Australia, they are fond of a joke. They chuckled delightedly. Father McGrath can preach in the native language, but dear old Father Gaell (every one on the north alludes to him in these affectionate terms) must deliver his sermons in pidgin. Sometimes this greatly amuses the congregation, and many spirited and life-like reproductions are enacted again and again after the service.

WHILE taking a walk round the grounds of the mission station, an urchin of no more than three and a half years of age was pointed out. That very morning this little fellow had plunged into the shark-infested straits and saved his baby sister from drowning. She was unconscious when brought ashore, and the usual methods of resuscitation were followed by Father McGrath, who had hurried to the scene. Then arose one of the difficulties the mission staff are constantly encountering. All the ills that befall the islanders are attributed to magic. No black ever dies a natural death: always there is some evilly-disposed person responsible!

When treatment was commenced, the child had been laid on her stomach while the water was pushed out of her body. The blacks had seen an apparently drowned boy revived when laid on his back, and immediately became excited and angry. It was necessary to turn the child over for a while, otherwise the mission fathers would have been held responsible if she had not recovered. And, all the time that treatment was in progress, an old woman (very much in the way) had sung in the baby's ear.

In the opinion of the women who had gathered round, it was the singing that brought the little girl back to life, and her recovery had nothing whatever to do with the father's efforts, although he would have been held responsible if he had not been able to save her! The old men have some glimmerings of common sense, but the old women are terrible old witches and it is quite impossible to convince them.

When anyone is sick, it is the invariable custom to sing a monotonous phrase over and over again in the patient's ear to bring him back to health; and, wherever a pain is felt, it is usual to cut the skin down to the third integument to let the sickness out. On one occasion a man was suffering from acute abdominal pains, and his relations, who wanted to cut him open, came to the mission fathers to seek their approval of this drastic treatment. Here was an awkward predicament! If the sick man was cut open, he was sure to die; and, since nothing would induce him to go to the hospital at Darwin for skilled attention, he might die in any case. In either event the fathers would be held responsible. They stood firm and refused their approval. However, while the relations were hesitating in view of the emphatic assertions of the mission fathers, the man made a surprising recovery. The cure was of course ascribed to the singing, not to the good advice that kept the man on a starvation diet of water only.

The islanders firmly believe that they will be poisoned if they go to Darwin for treatment, but they will always trust their own people. One man, who had been employed on a pearling lugger (all the islanders are naturally good seamen), had a leg taken by a crocodile, and was forced to find some new way of making a living. He had learnt a lot too much in the years that he was away, and, on his return to Bathurst Island, he set up in practice as a witch-doctor. A woman on the point of

755 death was an early patient. The new witch-doctor applied his lips to her chest and appeared to suck out a dirty, rusty rag, a piece of wire, and a few pebbles, together with some blood (which he probably produced by biting his tongue).

The woman died; but all the people uttered loud exclamations [27½] of wonderment at the cleverness of the doctor, and a collection, chiefly of sticks of tobacco, was made to mark their approval of such distinguished surgical attainments. Similarly, when some youngsters had become entangled with a school of jelly fish while bathing in the Strait, one baby at least being quite unconscious, the old fellow performed his ritual, and collected, when the patients had all revived after treatment with ammonia by the mission fathers. Such are some of the trials and problems that have to be faced in dealing with the islanders.

622 And now we encountered Mariano. "This chap calls himself king," I was informed; "but nobody recognizes his authority." Mariano was a fine, upstanding man, and he carried a bundle of many-pronged and gaily-painted spears. "Me king!" said Mariano to me as we came up. "Hullo, King!" said I, and Mariano proudly inflated his chest at this highly proper recognition of his royal status. But, if Mariano is not king, he is at 721 least a person of some importance. They had been holding a 727 war on the islands for the previous six months or so, and arrangements for the next battle were being held up pending Mariano's decision about a corroboree at which his presence was essential. At the moment he could not make up his mind to leave the mission station, so war and corroboree were both in abeyance.

WARS are of frequent occurrence on the islands. The current combat was in connexion with the possession of a very young ladies; but, since there had been only two casualties (one man had lost an eye, and another warrior had had a leg broken) in the six months, in all probability she will have died of old age before the matter is settled, unless, of course, the warriors tire of this as a pretext and come to some arrangement. Any old excuse is good enough to start a war. If nothing better offers, they get one up "Married v. Single." Father Gsell approves of the wars.

As he says, they are the only form of manly recreation that the islanders have. It is seldom that anyone is hurt, and the battles are rather in the nature of a somewhat dangerous cricket-match with fast leg-theory permitted and encouraged. A cleared space in the forest is necessary for a battle, and consequently the mission aerodrome is a favourite site for the usually bloodless encounters. When battle is raging there, it is necessary to give the excited small boys of the mission school a holiday. They join in, too, and have great fun throwing stones at their elders.

726 Each engagement of a war is conducted with due regard to ceremony. The opposing factions line up with the width of the chosen battlefield between them. Messengers from each side march out and meet half-way between the two forces and, formal arrangements being made, return majestically each to his own side. Then each army makes a fire, round which the warriors race with spears upheld, getting closer and closer in their frantic circlings. They leap through the flames, burning the hair from their legs, and finally the circle becomes so close that the excited warriors, regardless of hot coals, stamp the fire out. With a yell of defiance, spears are cast in the air as high as the warriors can throw them.

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726 One man will then take a step or two forward, hold up a hand, and stamp vigorously, and all the warriors of his side will copy his actions. "Let 'em all come!" is the attitude adopted. If the enemy does not start hostilities at once, they throw their spears down and jump about like wallabies to show their contempt for the sluggard's marksmanship. They are, however, careful not to get too far away from their own weapons, on which they pounce immediately the first spear is hurled by their opponents. The air is soon thick with flying spears and war-clubs, and the exchange goes on until some unlucky warrior is really hurt, when the engagement ceases.

727 BOTH sides gather round, howling their dismay, until repairs
[781] to the injured have been effected. A red-dyed ball of goose-down, which is hung from the neck by a string woven of human hair, is held before the mouth as a charm to divert the missiles, but the warriors owe their immunity from death or serious injury to their own remarkable eyesight and to the dexterity with which they evade, or turn to one side, the hurtling weapons of
411 the enemy. The war-clubs used by the islanders are far more difficult to dodge than the spears, which come straight at you.

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A BATHURST ISLANDER BRANDISHES HIS CLUB.

The war-club is merely a short, bent stick with a knob at one end; but, spinning in the air like a boomerang, it can be thrown for amazing distances by the islanders, considerably over a hundred yards, and not far off two hundred. This weapon is not thrown straight at an opponent, but at a curve, or a tuft of

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411 grass, in the foreground, so that the whirling club slithers on in an unforeseen and most unpleasant manner. It may rise as high as a man's head, or it may strike him on the shins.

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NATIVE "HOUSES" UNDER THE COCO-NUT PALMS AT BATHURST ISLAND MISSION.

726 Sometimes, as in the days of chivalry when English and French knights rode out before the main battle, eight men will advance to fight eight men of the other side, one pair at a time, each warrior throwing his spears and clubs in turn. Sentries are then posted to one side, before and behind the combatants. As a warrior with a stock of pidgin English put it, "That feller, him look out front side. That feller, him look out back side."

[198]

At times warriors arrive by canoe to fight a duel on the beach close to the mission station. These are frequently more serious combats, and then men who are camped under the palms chase the duellists off; but these always land later farther down, and fight it out in the long run. Just before my visit, there had been fought the only naval battle in the history of the islands. The encounter took place in the mouth of Apsley Strait to the accompaniment of excited yells as canoes overturned when warriors stopped unwisely in dodging the flying spears. Nobody

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726 received any serious damage, and it seemed to have been a most enjoyable occasion. An islander, who had seen the world from the decks of many luggers, made a remark that was truer than he knew, "When white feller go to war, he takem rifle, he takem

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HUNTING TURTLE, FROM A DUG-OUT CANOE NEAR BATHURST ISLAND.

bomb. Some feller *must* be killed! White feller silly b——!" It cannot be said that the mission fathers have a dull time at Bathurst Island.

797 These are two sisters of the order at the Mission Station. In addition to teaching the girls, they attend to all household mat-

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797 ters, supervising the lubras' work and ordering stores, which are brought from Darwin by the mission's own lugger *St. Francis*. The pleasant lunch we had at the refectory, where wide windows, open all round, admitted every wandering breeze, was due to their efforts, and later I was to see something of the results of their teaching.

797 School, both for boys and for girls, takes up only two and a
871 half hours each day, but the pupils learn quickly, and the more they are taught the more they can absorb. Reading and writing are mastered without any more difficulty than in the case of white children of the same age, though the pupils were very shy and almost inaudible when exhibiting their prowess. Arithmetic they do not take to so kindly, unless they happen to be interested by some problem that has a definitely practical application to their own lives; but drawing comes natural to the islanders, as it does to the blacks of the mainland, where I had already seen very spirited sketches made by aboriginal children. Of the affection of the children, both for the sisters and the mission fathers, there was no doubt. To be as close to them as possible was an honour they were all bent on securing.

797 THE "blackies," as they call the girls, range in age from tiny
562 tots to those who are practically young women. They were all much excited by the novelty of our visit, bubbling over with laughter, whispering and giggling together. The older "blackies" eye a visitor coyly, smiling over their shoulders with a flash of white teeth; and, when the pilot and I came along with one of the sisters to hear them sing the "Magnificat" and "Adeste Fideles," they fled shrieking, only to turn round and giggle again when they thought that they were far enough away.

"No more gammon!" called the sister, and they lined up demurely to sing their hymns right tunefully, with spasms of giggles in the intervals. To hold up a finger is quite sufficient to bring shrieks of delight from these childish, happy creatures. "Georgie," a very little boy with a very big tummy, so young that he was not yet at the boys' school, sang "Georgie Porgie, puddiny pie, kissed the girls and made them cry" with much aplomb and gesture. If Georgie was at the girls' school, he did not forget
[198 that he was a man. He spoke man's language, not woman's
516] talk such as women by custom must use on Bathurst Island, and he sat down like a man with knees wide apart, not together as a woman must.

535 Then, while the older "blackies" formed a circle, chanting in
[562] their own language and clapping their hands in time, little girls, two by two, performed women's dances, which again differ from those of the men. There were buffalo, bullock, and lugger dances, when they imitated the animals with arms widespread or bent slightly at the elbows to represent the horns, or held at angles such as those at which sails are set on a lugger, while, now and then, two little feet beaten together faithfully copied the "put-put" of Diesel engines.

More ambitious and complicated was the dance of the overseas mail 'plane that flies from Singapore to Darwin, when whirling
[198 arms represented the propellers and stamping feet the beat of
533 the engines. There is, by the way, a sacred language used for
768] songs, and it is only in this language that the name of the dead can be mentioned. If by chance anyone should mention a dead man's name in the ordinary language, every one within hearing will spit with vigour. If defenceless, the maker of such a faux pas will be hit about the head.

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797 The sisters frequently take their charges into the bush for a day's "walkabout," and all the children go back to their parents at intervals. Thus their education at the mission does not mean that they lose all the bushcraft that is their natural inheritance.

[23] 241] THEY are busy people at the mission. In addition to the fruits already mentioned, lay brothers grow crops of peanuts and sweet potatoes and attend to the pigs, goats, and cattle that form the live-stock of the settlement. They are their own mechanics and electricians, and the tractor used in the farming operations also charges the six-volt battery which, transformed to 360 volts high tension, is employed in radio communication with the mainland. Boats are built in the workshop by the brothers, and a launch, of 26 feet deck measurement, has been completed and very neatly fitted with bunks, cooking shelf for a primus stove, crockery cupboard, and lockers. When fitted with an engine, this launch will replace the old lugger *St. Francis*, so well known in North Australia, and will afford a more rapid and certain passage to the mainland.

As we walked back to the aerodrome, little black boys drove a long string of white goats through the palm-trees, and the "blackies" waved and called "Um-bung-ie!" (good-bye). Major

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797 Brackley, out of petrol, landed here when the 'drome was not quite completed, and then the wondering Christian blacks of the mission decided that the 'plane must be "motor car belonga God"!

000 With the islands left behind us, we saw our native land as those who come by air first see Australia. It is a wide and beautiful scene, where the misty blue of the sea melts into the misty sky with no clearly defined horizon, and there is Australia, a darker vague and misty patch far away beyond the dark-green mangroves and light sands of the low-lying Vernons.

We circled over Darwin. Seen from the shore, the harbour is beautiful. From the air one is surprised at its ramifications. Great arms penetrate the wooded hills, and innumerable creeks wind into the mangroves. In the evening light, twenty anchored luggers stood out in high relief on the smooth blue water. A grey oil-tanker lay at the jetty close to the huge grey oil-tanks that hid in the yellow cliffs, and the red roads and white roofs of the little town were clean and pretty amongst the trees that cover the promontory.

Brilliant scarlet patches through the green were the glorious poincianas in full flower, white and pink the frangipani. From the air this first glimpse of Australia's front door is entrancing.

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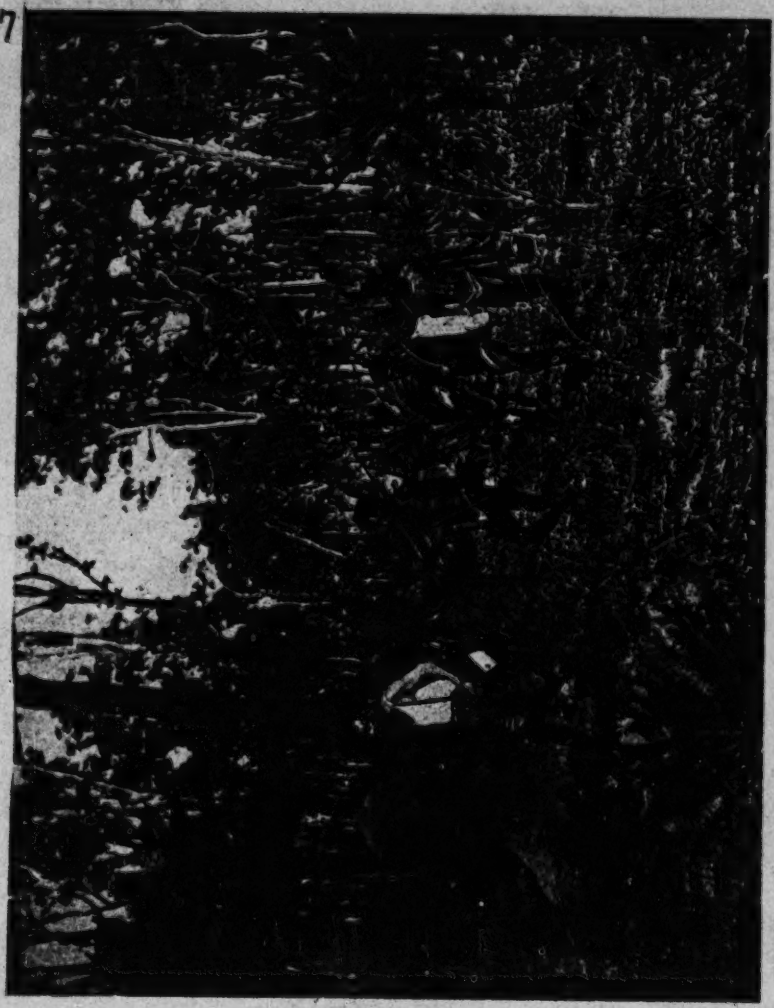

WALKABOUT'S CAMERAMAN GOES ON A "WALKABOUT" THROUGH TYPICAL BATHURST ISLAND COUNTRY.

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